THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE IGNORED & CLARA MORRIS

from her former palace, the Tulieries, and she unrecognized among the governesses, knitting on the seats and the bables when she or her attendant sees any one who might recognize and salute the ancient sovereign. The guar- graved beneath it. dians of the Tuileries, who have come

I recall the funny old Frenchman, ex-soldier, who used to make liveries and riding habits, and whose boast it was that, standing sentinel at the gates that day, he had been the first one at the palace to hail his Empress on her return from the most incredible drive to Notre Dame. His walls, mantels, desks, tableslook where you would-you found early days of photography, while the fashion in street dress would have made the angels weep. Two, though, oh, showing such sweeping lines of beauty, from splendid shoulder to slender foot-fine and true as the he was sure. lines of an Etruscan vase. And in crown. But there was a haughty sadness in her face, such as may have been there when the Castig-

HE ex-Empress has taken her some silver brocading. Tears were old apartments at the Ho- in his eyes as he murmured: "Her tel Continental, two steps wedding dress-oh, yes, madame, eet is vun true scrap.'

The piece was too small to show walks daily in the Public Gardens, all the silver design, but I reattended only by one lady-in-waiting, marked the brocade stripe. And supporting herself more than ever quite excitedly he declared that on her constant ebony crooked stick. even at the time of the marriage She passes usually unperceived and the papers had never correctly described the material of the robe. "And now she wears that," said he, playing, and invariably turns away pointing to a bit of black crape in the opposite side of the locket, with the one word "Chiselhurst" en-

Another picture, taken in very to know the annual visitor, have early married days, was gentle in expression, but it was very sad, strict orders to ignore her presence. and I asked him: "Do you suppose she was then grieving for the lover she had lost?"

He answered that he did not believe that the beautiful Eugenie had grieved deeply over the loss of her lover, since it was believed she was rather cold to her adorers, but that she had suffered cruelly from her sister's treachery-that sispictures of his adored Empress, nev- ter whom she had admired, whom er ex- to him. Some were funny to she had loved to the verge of the laughing point, taken in the idolatry. The wooing of an amperor might well be as a balm to her hurt pride, but for the heart (with a shrug), well, he did not were in riding habit, standing, and know. That the empress was sad -yes, truly, for one little minute on that very day of the wedding-

He described how the people had one large picture she wore the been won by her beauty, but when they had brought the immense sum of money they had raised among themselves alone, the price of the lione made the third obeisance be- splendid jewels they had wished to fore her, while with bold eyes she offer her as their wedding gift, she paid her homage to the Emperor. had lifted her stately head and all There were souvenirs of many kinds her face was gentle as a little in a locked cabinet, and from among child's when she entreated those them he brought a large gold locket in authority that not one jewel to me and, opening it reverently; should be bought for her, but that showed to me a morsel of heavy the money should go back to them white satin with a stripe in it and in the form of a great hospital,



where in sad and suffering hours alone for a moment, and in that mothey might find free shelter, rest ment, mademoiselle, like a masque and care, and so be reminded of fell down, vite, vite, all the smileher love for them. And she had the light! The very life seemed to had her will, and the common peo- go out of that so perfect face. One ple were touched by her thought of instant she lean the nead wearily them, while vite, vite, the Emperor against the window frame, the eves saw the political value of the gra- cast down like a beautiful Mater cious act.

wer ling, as the bride was to wear no jewel of their giving, the market women, they appointed a committee to select and purchase flowers and shrieked out at those of the committo see that they reached the palace tee: 'Pigs, idiots! It is the flower of promptly-so also the fish women- sorrow you have sent to her!' While to be both their greetings to the Empress on her return from church. Then we at the palace gates saw the splendid procession dragging its -purple violets to a bride! Pigs. length slowly back to us, and when idiots, devils! It is an omen-a sign in the imperial carriage the people of evil!" caught a glimpse of that white loveliness from thousands of throats there came first a long 'A-a-a-ah.' like a sigh, and then broke the hurricane of 'Vivas!'

ing, no gaucherie; smiling, but state- hurt them!" ly, she might have been the daugh- "And the idea that any soldier on ter of a hundred kings! So, robed earth could hurt a dame des Halles in white, half-veiled in lace, all frag- was so funny that everybody stop rant with orange blossoms, with the the fight to laugh. And they laugh glitter of diamonds and the milky and laugh, and wipe off the blood gleam of pearls, crowning her love- and slap the soldiers on the back ly brows. I saw her, madame, enter and say: 'Don't hurt us, messieurs, the palace, a bride, and Empress of don't!' And they dance and shout,

boiled over. They yelred and push- some violets to the people who are ed and crowded into the palace gar- not of the market-woman stamp. ders. They screeched and screamed And all cry, 'Vive l'imperarice!' And for the Empress. At last a window so she smile and smile, and then opened and Eugenie stepped out on retires. But that old witch was she held in her hands a great mass the violet was the flower of the Bonof the violets the market women had apartes, it was the flower of sorly and the gentleman went back-I ies, it pointed to Chiselhurst-and fancy her train or veil had caught now back to the Tuileries, where Euon something. At any rate, she stood genie is ignored!"

Dolorosa, and her sadness creep 'Then, on that great day of the chill-like over everyone of us. Many crossed themselves, and said low, "It is an omen!"

"Then all suddenly one old fish-wife. quick another rave out: 'It is the color of mourning that you send to the bride of our Emperor! Violets

"And then the fight began. Oh, mon Dieu! They are terrible! They tear one another like wild beasts! The soldiers try hard to make order -when a voice up above us says out. "Ah, she was superb! No shrink- clear and gentle: 'Oh, soldiers, don't

and the beautiful Empress stand by "And those market women-they the Emperor and bow and throw the balcony, and ever eager to please, right-yes, mademoiselle - though sent to her. An officer was at her' row-not fit to send a bride. It was side at first, but she stopped sudden- an omen, and, given at the Tuiler-

The PRICES FLOPES BY HAROLD MAC GRATH-

(Continued from First Page.)

meeting happened during the great hubbub of which I have just written; and at the same time I met another who had great weight in my future affairs.

The princess and I became rather well acquainted. I was not a gentleman, according to her code, but, in the historic words of the drug clerk, I was something just as good. She honored me with a frank, disinter- one whole week. ested friendship, which still eixsts. I have yet among my fading souvenirs of diplomatic service half a dozen notes commanding me to get up at dawn and ride around the lake, something like sixteen miles. She was almost as reckless a rider as She was truly a famous rider, and a woman who sits well on a horse can never be aught but graceful. She was, in fact, youthful and charming, with the most magnificent black eyes I ever beheld in a Teutonic head; witty, besides, and a songstress of no ordinary talent. If I had been in love with her-which I solemnly vow I was not-I should have called her beautiful and exhausted my store of complimentary adjectives.

The basic cause of all this turmoil, about which I am to spin my narrative, lay in her education. I hold that a German princess should never be educated save as a German. By this I mean to convey that her education should not go beyond German literature, German history, German veneration of laws, German manners, and German passivfty and docility. The Princess Hildegarde had been educated in England and France, which simplifies everything, or. I should say, to be exact, complicates everything.

She possessed a healthy contempt for that what-d'-ye-call-it that hedges in a king. Having mingled with English-speaking people, she returned to her native land, her brain filled with the importance of feminine liberty of thought and action. Hence, she became the bramble that prodded the grand duke whichever way he turned. His days were filled with horrors, his nights with mares which did not have boxstalls in his stables.

Never could he anticipate her in anything. On that day he placed guards around the palace, she wrote verses or read modern fiction; the moment he relaxed his vigilance, she was away on some heartrending escapade. Didn't she scandalize the nobility by dressing up as a hussar and riding her famous black Mecklenburg cross-country? Hadn't she flirted outrageously with the French attache and deliberately turned her back on the Russian minister, at the very moment, too, when negotiations were going on between Rus- duksia and Barscheit relative to a small

piece of land in the Balkans? And, most terrible of all to all to relate. hadn't she ridden a shining bicycle up the Konigstrasse, in broad daylight, and in bifurcated skirts, besides? I shall never forget the indignation of the press at the time of this last escapade, the stroke of apoplexy which threatened the duke, and the room with the barred window which the princess occupied

They burned the offensive blcycle in the courtyard of the paleos, ceremon fously, too, and the princess had wit nessed this solemn auto da fe from her barred window. It is no strain apon the imagination to conjure up the picture of her fine rage, her threatening hands, her compressed lips, her tearless, flashing eves, as she saw her on the blazing fagots. But what the deuce was a poor duke to do with a niece like this?

For a time I feared that the United States and the Grand Duchy of Barscheit would sever diplomatic relations The bicycle was, unfortunately, of American make, and the manufacturers wrote to me personally that they considered themselves grossly insulted over the action of the duke. Dipl matic notes were exchanged, and state that he held the wheel harmless that his anger had been directed solely against his niece. This letter was duly forwarded to the manufacturers, who, after the manner of their kind, carefully altered the phrasing tisements. They were so far appeased the private stock. Happily the duke Blatter and Jugend, and thus war was

Later an automobile agent visited the town-at the secret bidding of her highness-but he was so unceremonhustled over the frontier that his teeth must have rattled like a dancer's castanets. It was a great country for expeditiousness, as you will find, if you do me the honor to

follow me to the end. So the grand duke swore that his niece should wed Doppelkinn, and the princess vowed that she would not. The man who had charge of my horses said that one of the palace maids had ounted to him a dialogue which had taken place between the duke and his the road I was compelled to listen to

The Grand Duke-In two months' time you shall wed the Prince of Dop-

nose? Never! I shall marry where I The Grand Duke-Only where you love! (Sneers.) One would think, hear you talk, that you were capable

The Princess-You have yet to learn. to do something scandalous. I will marry one of the people-a man.

The Grand Duke-Bah! (Swears soft-But the princess had in her mind a ly, would have added many gray hairs duke's scanty collection. a mighty ingenious plan, too, for a

In his attitude toward the girl the ood alone. Behind his back his ministers were out their shoes in wait-

the grand duchess, half, blind and half deaf, openly worshiped her wilful but wholly adorable niece, and abetted her in all her escapades. So far as the pulace was concerned, she was the daughter of the favorite son, dead these eighteen years, and that was enough for them. Whatever she did was right and proper. But the hard-headed duke had the power to say what should be what, and he willed it that the Princess Hildegrade should marry his old comrade in arms, the Prince of Doppelkinn.

As I have already remarked, I used frequently to take 'ong rides into the country, and sometimes I fid not return till the following Jay. My clerk was always on duty, and the work never appeared to make him round-

I had ridden horses for years, and to throw a leg over a good moun: to me one of the greatest pleasures in the world. I delighted in stopping at old feudal inns, of studying the stolid German peasant, of drinking from steins uncracked these hundred years, of inspecting ancient armor and gathering trifling romances attached thereto. And often I have had the courage to stop at some quaint, crumbling Schloss or castle and ask for a night's lodging for myself and horse. Seldom, if ever, did I meet with

I possessed the whimsical habit of picking out strange roads and riding on till night swooped down from the snow-capped mountain. I had a bit of poetry in my system that had n completely worked out, and I was always imagining that at the very next Schloss or inn I was to hit upon some delectable adventure: I was only twenty-eight, and inordinately fond of my Dumas.

I rode in gray whipcord breeches, tan boots, a blue serge coat, white stock, and never a hat or cap till the snow blew. I used to laugh when the peasants asked leave to lend me a cap or to turn back and find the one I had presumably lost

One night the delectable adventure for which I was always seeking came way, and I was wholly unprepar-

I had taken the south highway; that which seeks the valley beyond the lake. The moonfilm lay mistily upon everything; on the far off lake, on great upheavals of stone and glacier above me, on the long white road that stretched out before me, ribbon-wise. High up the snow on the mountains resembled huge opals set in amethyst. I was easily twenty-five miles from the city; that is to say, I had been in the saddle some six hours. Nobody but a king's messenger will ride a horse more than five miles an I cast about for a place to sight, and the hovels I had passed during the last hour offered no shelter for my horse. Suddenly, around a was seeking. It was a rambling tot-tering old castle, standing in the center of a cluster of firs; and the tiles of the roofs and the ivy of the towers were shining silver with the eavy fall of dew.

Lady Chloe sniffed her kind, whinnied and broke into a trot. She knew wond the turn. We rode up to the gate, and I dismounted and stretched myself. I tried the gate. The lock hung loose, like a paralytic hand. Evidently those inside had nothing to fear from those outside. I grasped an iron bar and pushed in the gate,

I could feel the crumbling rust on my gloves. Chioe whinnied again, and there came an answering whinny from somewhere in the rear of the castle, Somebody must be inside, I reasoned.

but this part of the castle was surrounded by an empty moat, damp and weedy. This was not to be entered save by a ladder. There was a great central door, however, which had a modern appearance. The approach was a broad graveled walk. I tied Lady Chloe to a tree, knotted the brille reins above her neck to prevent her from putting her restless feet into them, and proceeded toward the door. Of all the nights this was the on which my usually lively imagination reposed. I was hungry and tired, wasn't looking for an adventure; nothing in the world but a meal and a bed. But for the chill of the right

air-the breath of the mountain is cold at night-I should have been perfectly ng to sleep in the open. Down drawbridge, up portcullis! boldly climbed the steps and groped around for the knocker. was broken and useless, like the lock on the gate. And never a bell could I find. I swore softly and became im-

patient. People in Barscheit did sually live sort of place was this? Suddenly I grew erect, every fiber in my body tense and expectant.

A voice, lifted in song: A great penetrating, yet silkily mellow coming as it did from the heart of this gloomy ruin of stone and iron. The jewel song from "Faust," too! How the voice rose, fell, soared again intoxicating waves of so What permeating sweetness! there, a solitary listener, as far as I knew, bewildered, my heart beating hard and fast. I forgot my hunger.

Had I stumbled upon one of dreams at last? Had Romance suddenly relented, as a coquette some-times relents? For a space I knew not what to do. Then, with a shrughave never been accused of lacking urage-I tried once more by the ald of a match, to locate a bell. There vås absolutely nothing; and the beating of my riding-crop on the panels of that huge door would have been as noisy as a feather. I grasped the knob and turned it impatiently. Behold! the door opened without so and I stepped into the hallway, which

was velvet black. paused, with hands outstretched. bumped into something! look a step forward, another and an other; I swung my crop in a halfcircle; all was vacancy. I took another step, this time in the direction of the voice-and started back with a smothered curse. Bang-ang! I had run into a sult of old armor, the shield of which had clattered to the stone floor. As I have observed, I am not a coward, but I had all I could do to weary, anyhow-from knocking under

The song died. All over that great rambling structure not even the re-assuring chirp of a cricket! I stood perfectly still. What the deuce should do? Turn back? As I formed this question in my mind a shaft of wind it, sure enough; I was positive that I could never find that door again There was nothing to do but wait, and wait with straining ears.

were mysterious inhabitants-they

counterfeiters.

Soon I heard a laugh, light, infec-tious, featless! Then I heard a voice, soft and pleading.

"Don't go; in mercy's name, don't go, Gretchen! You may be killed!" English! I had actually heard a voice speak my native tongue.
"Nonsense, Betty! I am not afraid of any ghost that ever walked, rode,

or floated. "Ghost? It may be a burglar!" "Or Steinbock! We shall find noth-

"Nothing but a rat, bungling about in the armor." The laugh came again.

You are not afraid, Betty?" "Only cautious. But how can you laugh? A rat?" cried a voice rather ar xiously. "Why, they are as big as

But arrant cowards. of these voices spoke English as its birthright; the other spoke Whither had my hunger brought me?

I was soon to learn. There came a faint thread of light on one side of the hall, such as may be likened to that which filters under a doorsill. Presently this was fol-lowed by the sound of jangling brass rings. A heavy velvet portiere-which I, being in darkness, had not discovered-slipped back. My glance, rather blinded, was first directed toward the flame of the candle. Then I lowered it-and surrendered for ever

I beheld two faces in profile, as it one side in darkness, the other tinted and glowing like ancient ivory. I honestly confess to you that in all my wanderings-and they have been frequent and many-I never saw such ilsite faces. One peered forth with esitant bravery; the othe -she who held the candle-with cold, tranquil

All my fears, such as they were, left me instantly. Besides, I was not without a certain amount of gallantry the light and bowed.

bit I promise you that I shall be 1 am not offered something to eat at

"What are you doing here?" asked she with the candle, her midnight eves drawing down her brows into a I bowed. "To begin with, I find a

gate unlocked, and being curlous, I open it; then I find a door unlatched, and I enter. Under these unusual circumstances I am forced to ask the same question of you: What are you doing here in this ruined castle? If it Isn't ruined, it is deserted, which was impertinent, especially on the a self-invited guest. "That is my affair, sir. I have a

"There is an inn six miles farther erce. Certainly you can not remain

"Six miles?" I echoed dismally. "Madam, if I have seemed imperti-nent, pardon me. I have been in the saddle six hours. I have ridden nearly thirty miles since noon. I am dead with fatigue. At least give me time way again. I admit that the manner of my entrance was informal; but how was I to know? There was not even a knocker on the door by which

"THE MAN ON THE BOX;" "HEARTS AND MASKS,"ETC.

The truth is, I did not want to go at once. No one likes to stumble into an adventure-enchanting as this promised to be-and immediately pep out of it. An idea came to me, serviceable rather than brilliant. "I am an American. My German is poor. I speak no French. I have lost my way, would seem; I am hungry and tired. To ride six miles farther now is a physical impossibility; and I am very fond of my horse."

"He says he is hungry, Gretchen." said the English girl, dropping easily into the French language as a vehicle of speech. (I was a wretch, I know, that He; I didn't want to go; and sides" went on the girl, "he looks

"We cannot always tell a gentleman in the candle-light. Gretchea, eveing me critically and

As for me, I gazed from one to the other, inquiringly, after the manner of one who hears a tongue not under-

"He's, rother nice," was the Engstrike me as being too steady to be

I had the decency to burn in the could not draw back. I sincerely hoped that they would not exchange any embarrassing confidences. Whe peculiar topics; and conversing in a knowh to me, these two were virtually

"But my dear child" the other returned argumentatively, "we cannot offer hospitality to a what is to be accomplished."

plished? I was right, then, in deceiving them. To accomplish some-thing on a night like this, far from

'Feed him and his horse, and I'll undertake to get rid of him before that detestable Steinbock comes. sides, he might prove a valuable witness in drawing up the papers."

(Papers?) "I never thought of that. It will not do to trust Steinbock wholly. Gretchen turned her searching eyes once more upon me. I had some difficulty in steadying my then stroit before me. But I rather with at least half a victory. "Will you go your way after an hour's rest?" ask d, speaking in the familiar

"I promise." It was easy to make this promise. I wasn't a diplomat for ng. I knew how to hang on, to Follow me," Gretchen commanded

(Who was she? What was going

We passed through the gloomy salon. A damp, musty odor struck my sense of smell. I was positive that the castle was uninhabited, save for this night. Three candles burned on the mantel, giving to the gloom a mysterious, palpitating effect. The room (Continued on Page Eleven, this section)

paneled in wine-colored mahogany This was better; it was cheerful. A were plenty of candles. There was a piano, too. This belonged to the castle; a heavy tarpaulin covering lay heaped at one side. There was a mahogany sideboard that would have sent a collector of antiques into raptures, and a table upon which lay mouth watered. I counted over the good things: roast pheasant, pink ham, sea-food salad, asparagus, white bread and unsalted butter, an alcohol burner over which hung a teapot, and besides all this was a pint of La Rose which was but half emptied. Have you ever been in the saddle half a day? If you have, you will readily appreciate the appetite that was war-

"Eat," bade she who was called

"And my horse?"

ring with my curiosity.

"Tied to a tree by the gate."

She struck a Chinese gong. From the kitchen appeared an elderly servitor who looked to me more fitted to handle a saber than a carving knife; at least, the scar on his cheek impressed me with this idea. (I found out later that he was an old soldier,

"Take this gentleman's horse to the stables and feed him," said Gretchen. "You will find the animal at the gate." With a questioning glance at me the old fellow bowed and made off.

I sat down, and the two women brought the various plates and placed within reach. Their beautiful hands flashed before my eyes and now and then a sleeve brushed my shoul-

Thank you." I murmured. "I will eat first, and then make my apologies.

This remark caught the fancy of Gretchen. She laughed. It was the same laughter I had heard while standing in the great hall.

"Will you drink tea, or would you prefer to finish this Bordeaux?" she asked pleasantly.

"The wine, if you please; otherwise the effect of the meal and the long hours in the wind will produce sleepiness. And it would be frightfully in my chair. I am very hard to

The English girl poured out the wine and passed the goblet to me. I touched my lips to the glass, and bent my ceeded to attack the pheasant and ham. I must prove to these women that at least I was honest in regard nger. I succeeded in causing a formidable portion of the food to dis-

And then I noticed that neither of the young women seated herself while I ate. I understood. There was no

How shall I describe them? The

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